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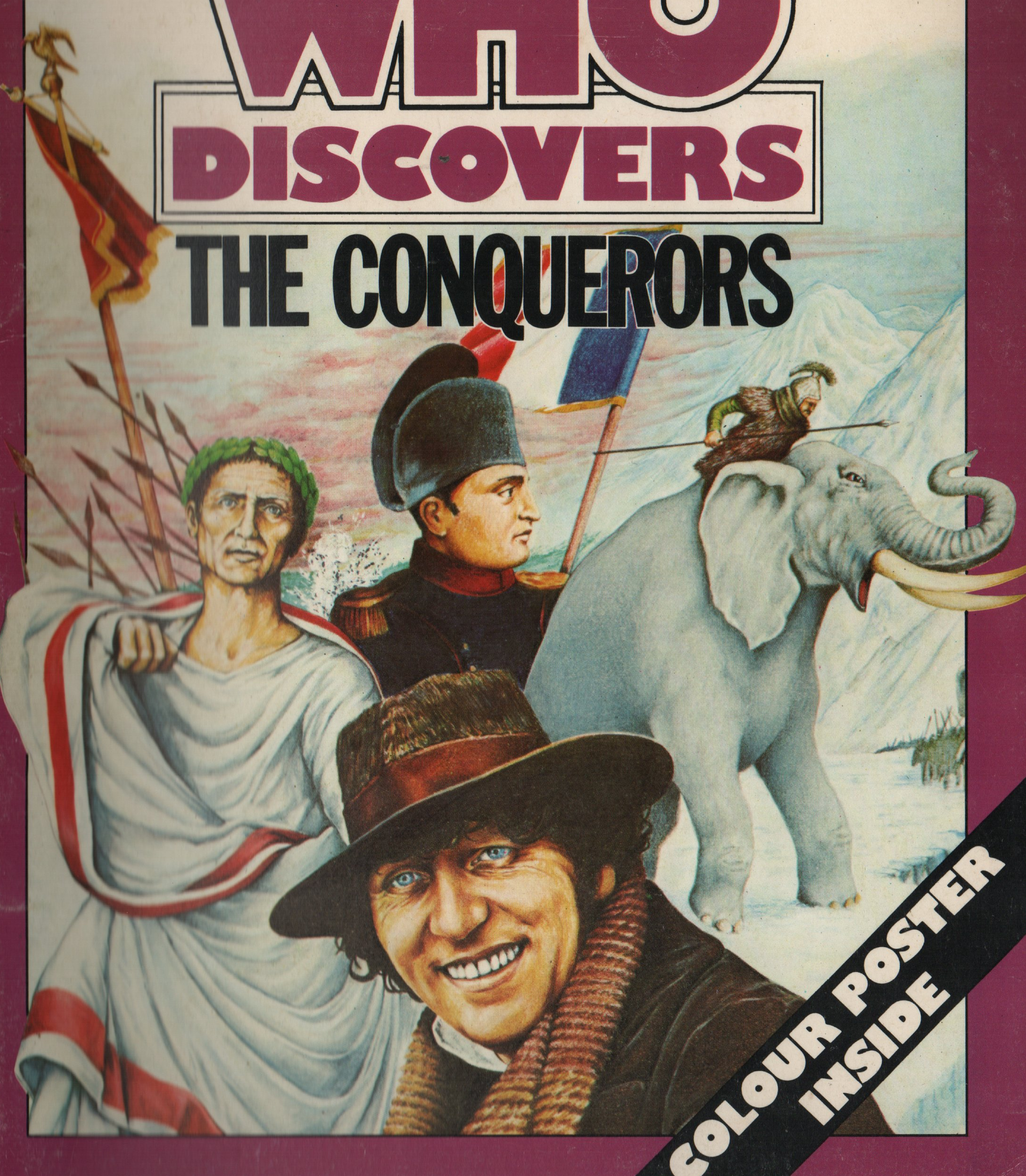
DOCTOR WHO DISCOVERS

THE CONQUERORS



COLOUR POSTER INSIDE

DOCTOR WHO DISCOVERS

THE CONQUERORS

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DOCTOR WHO

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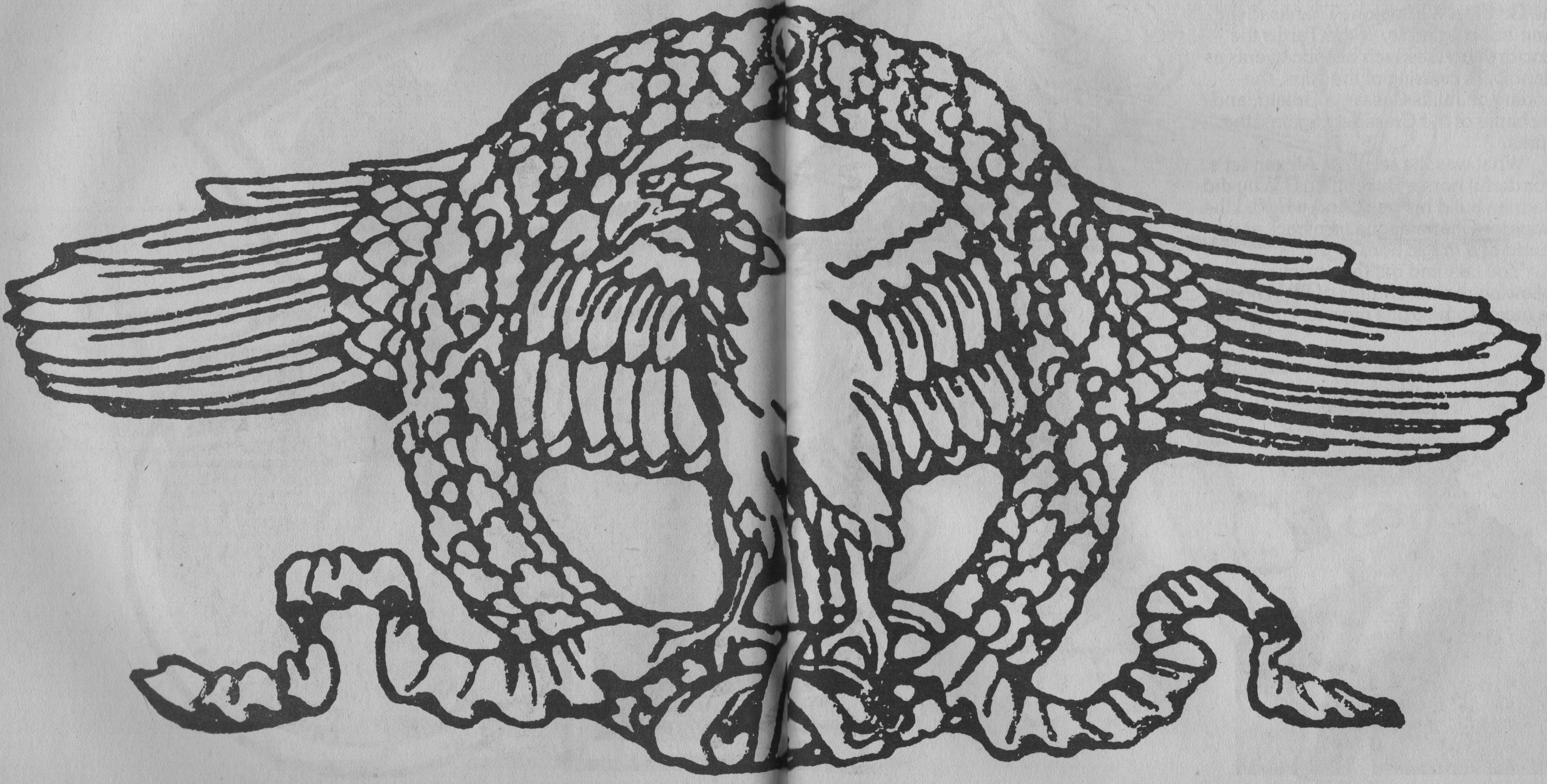


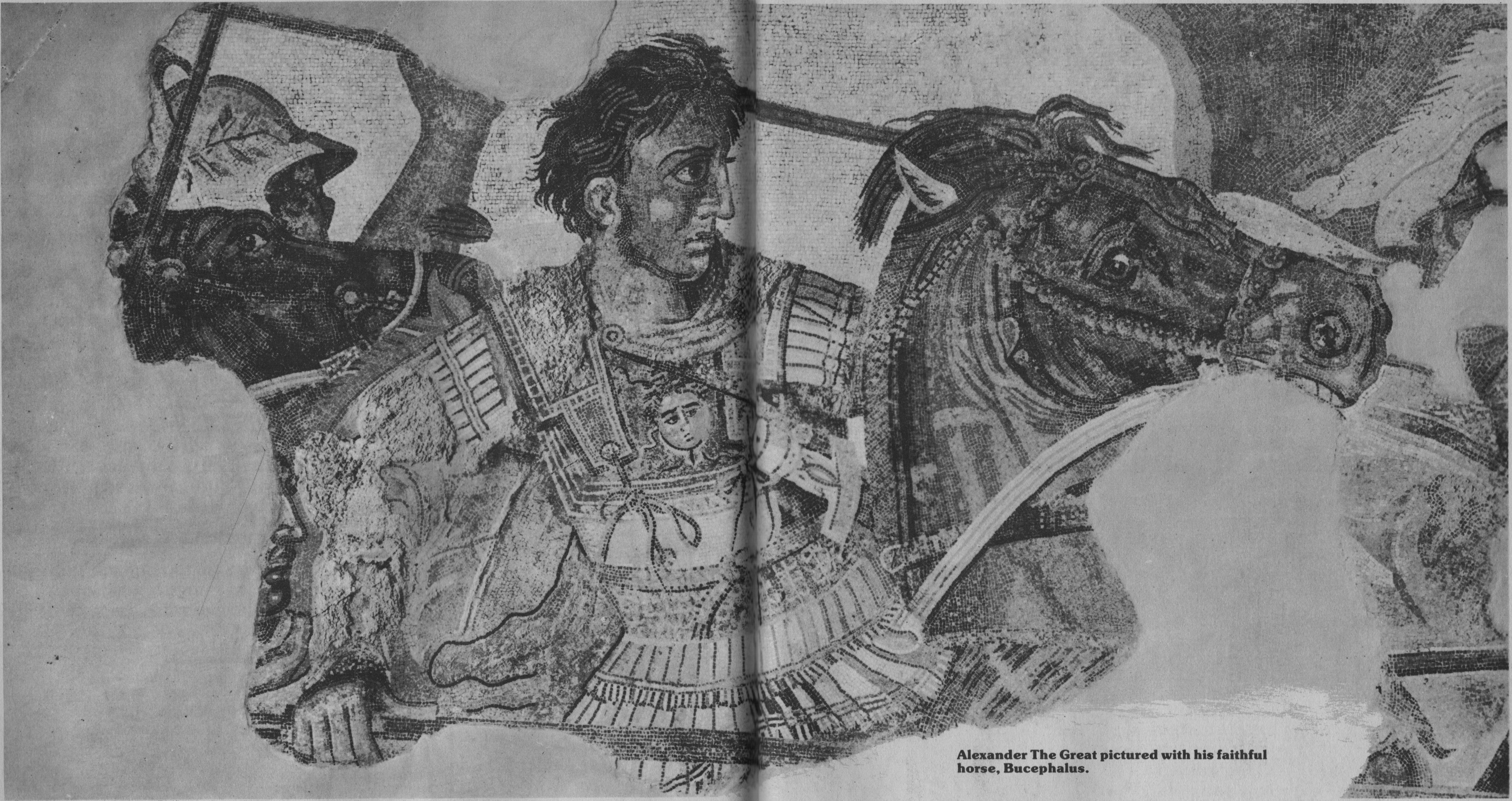
INTRODUCTION

Mighty and ambitious men, who have led great armies and ruled over vast empires, have left their mark on the history of the world.

In "Dr Who Discovers The Conquerors", the Doctor encounters several of their number from Alexander the Great to Wellington. Thanks to the time-hopping ability of the Tardis the Doctor witnesses such historic events as Hannibal's crossing of the Alps, the landing of Julius Caesar in Britain, and the battle of the Crusaders against the Turks.

What was the secret of Alexander's wonderful horse, Bucephalus? Why **did** Hadrian build his wall? And why did the emperor Charlemagne turn back at the sound of a magic horn?

You can find out the answers by following the adventures of Dr Who as he meets some of the greatest conquerors in history.



Alexander The Great pictured with his faithful horse, Bucephalus.

When the Tardis landed in Ancient Greece the Doctor had a feeling that he was destined for a very troublesome voyage indeed. In this he was, as always, right.

No sooner had the Doctor stepped out of the Tardis when he was set upon by a mob of soldiers who poked him with their spears and demanded to know his business.

"It's all Greek to me," said the Doctor, favouring them with a broad grin, but the joke didn't seem to go down too well.

This was the kingdom of Macedon, whose ruler, King Philip II, had added most of Greece to his territories, but since there were always rebellions of one kind or another taking place his soldiers were always nervous of any strangers who might be spies.

"Let's take him to the Palace," said one of the men. "They'll make him talk there." By a stroke of good fortune the great philosopher Aristotle, who even the Doctor conceded was a man of considerable intellect, happened to be at the court giving one of his lessons to Alexander, King Philip's son. Thanks to Aristotle's intervention, the Doctor was not put to the sword as a spy, but allowed to remain as an unwilling guest and companion to Alexander.

The king's heir was sixteen and had already fought his first battle. He was a strong, athletic lad and notwithstanding the influence of his famous tutor, Aristotle, much preferred games and running.

One day a trader brought a wild and uncontrollable horse called Bucephalus to the Palace. He was a marvellous-looking beast and the trader was asking an enormous price, but none of the grooms could ride him.

Alexander, who was always looking for opportunities to show that he was as tough a man as his father, offered to pay the price of the horse if he could not tame him.

Now Alexander had noticed that Bucephalus was not really wild, but that the horse was frightened of his own shadow! So he made him face towards the sun, soothed him, and then vaulted onto his back.

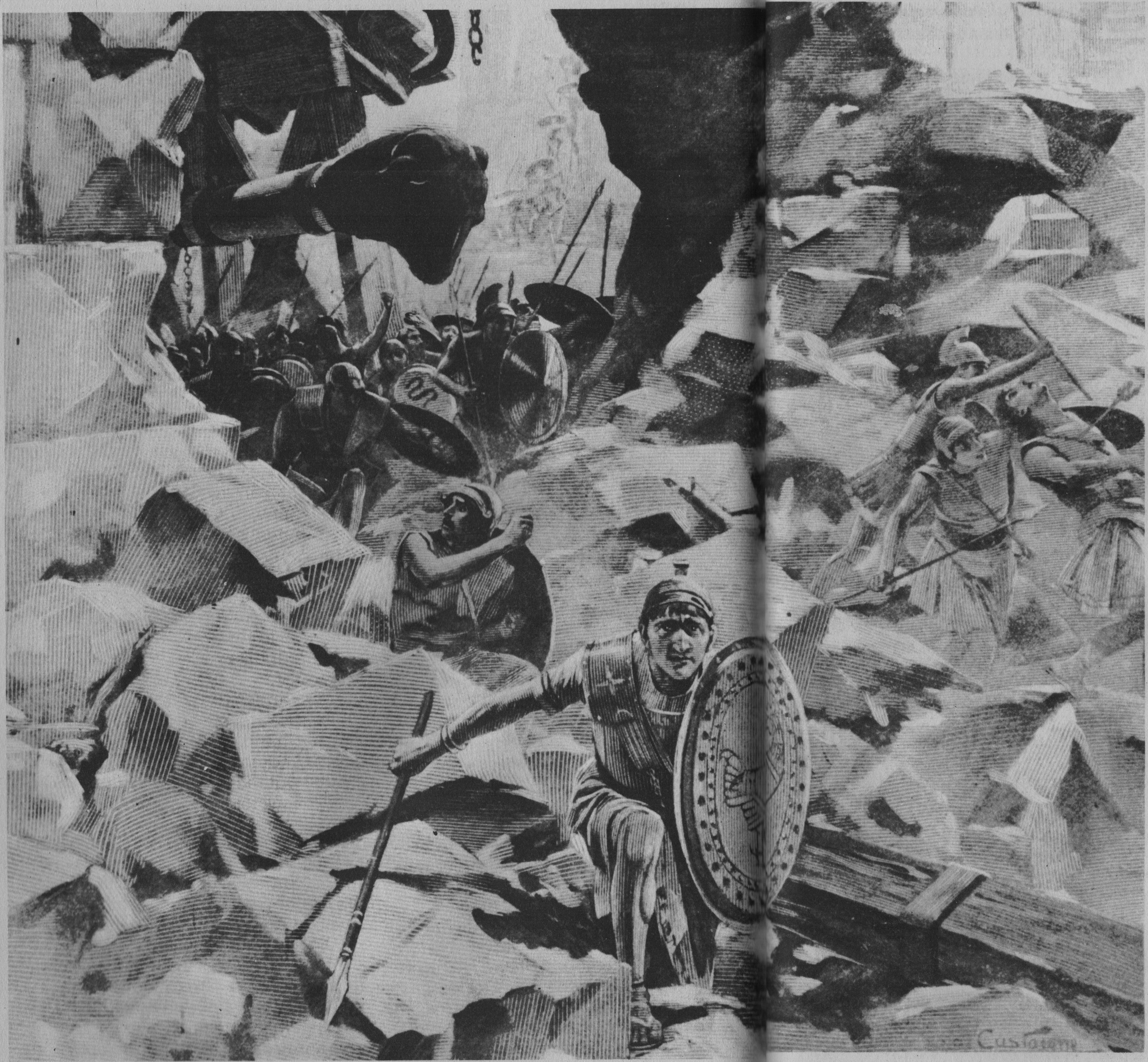
The horse dashed off at a great pace and the onlookers gasped in dismay since it appeared that the impetuous Alexander was about to break his neck. But soon Alexander was back, in firm control of Bucephalus, who was quite subdued.

Alexander's father looked at him proudly. "Seek another empire," he said, "for that which I shall leave you, my son, is not worthy of you."

Four years later, in 336 B.C. when Alexander was twenty, Philip was assassinated and Alexander took charge of the army to begin seeking his empire.

Alexander's plan was to march to the East and conquer the mighty Persian empire which stretched from Asia Minor and Syria to Egypt in the south, and to northern India and the borders of China in the east.

Alexander was always at the head of his troops, and often fought hand-to-hand with princely adversaries in single combat. Invariably Alexander's cavalry put the Persians to flight, and after one victory in Phrygia Alexander halted to prepare for the next campaign.



Alexander wanted to conquer the world, and in battle few armies or cities could withstand the assault of his fierce soldiers.

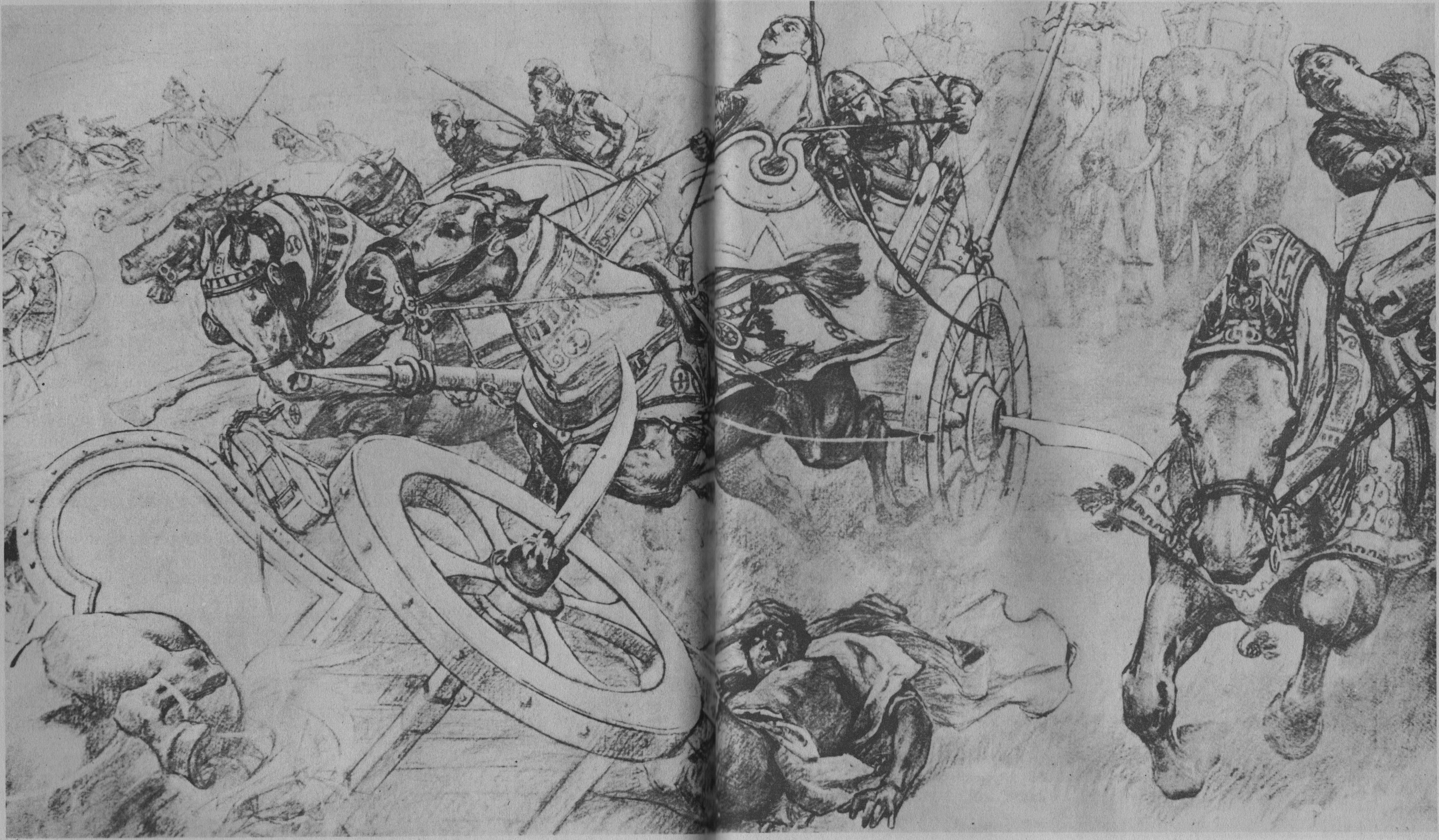
While his army rested near the town of Gordium Alexander paid a visit to the temple, site of the famed "Gordian knot" which according to legend would one day be loosened by the man who was to conquer the world. Many had tried to untie the knot and had failed, but now Alexander thought he had as good an opportunity as any. To no avail. Finally, in a temper, Alexander slashed the knot with his sword!

Then he continued on his way — to conquer the world. Of course, he was not destined to impose his rule over all of it, but much of what was then civilisation succumbed to his fierce soldiers.

The Persians abandoned their fine silk tents and fled in panic; the great city of Babylon bowed to the conqueror. Sweeping south into Egypt, Alexander the Great founded the city which today still bears his name — Alexandria. And through all the battles and adventures his faithful horse Bucephalus accompanied him.

Alexander could be chivalrous to his enemies, but at times he was also a cruel tyrant. In 323 B.C. he was stricken with a fever and died; and almost at once, his great empire began to crumble.

The scythe chariots of the Persians were a dreadful weapon, but the cavalry of Alexander put them to flight.



The Ancient Britons were a fierce and independent people , and one of their most warlike leaders was Queen Boadicea, here seen urging the Sceni tribe into battle.

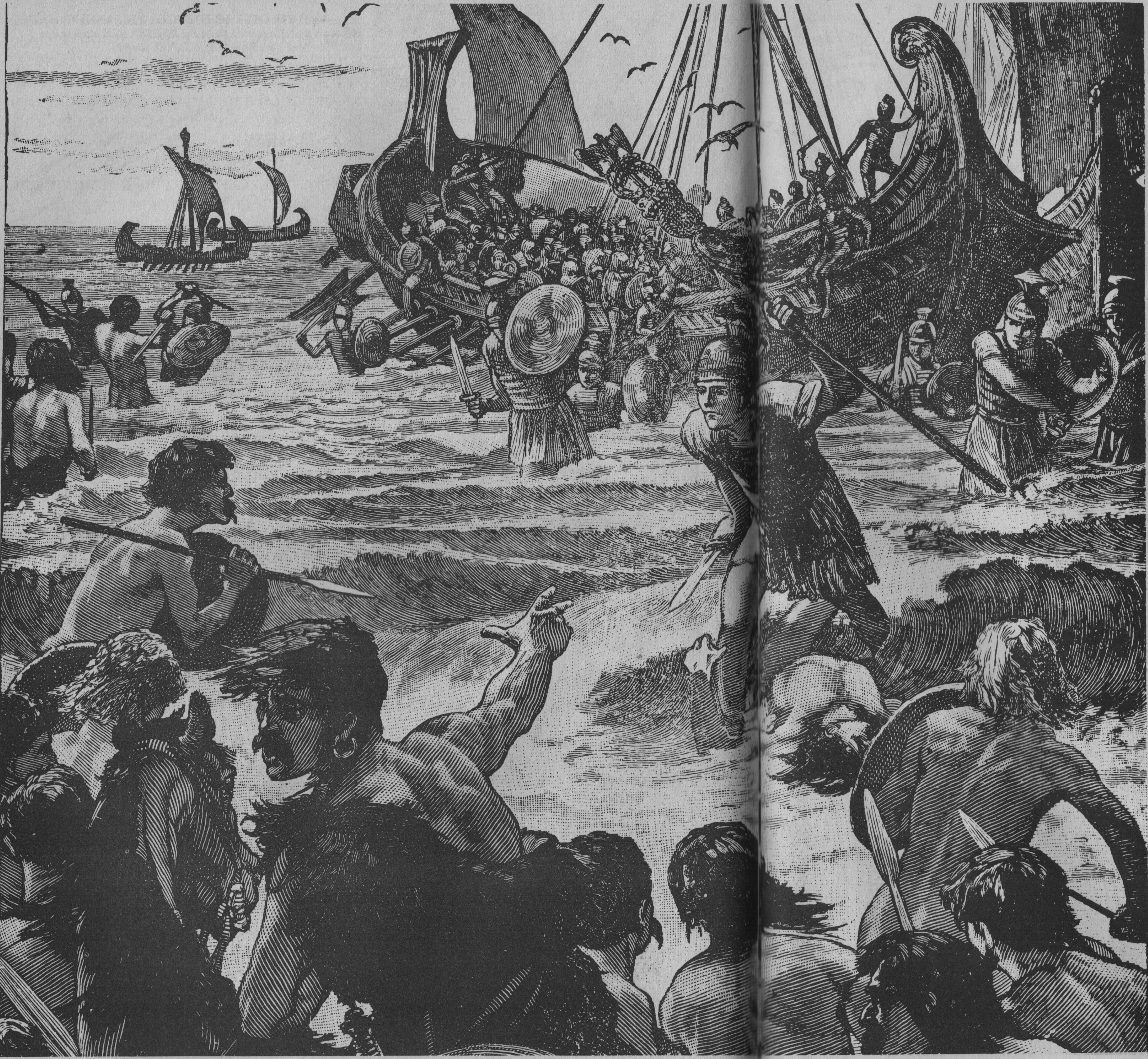
Invasion! This was what it must have been like as the Roman soldiers set foot on British soil and were confronted by the savage inhabitants.

After the death of Alexander the Great the Doctor was able to make his escape in the Tardis and head for his next encounter. In less than 200 years the mighty empire of the Greeks had given way to the expanding power of Rome.

A brilliant general called Julius Caesar, who had the happy knack of inspiring his soldiers and enjoying their complete confidence was subduing the barbarian tribes of what today are the countries of France, Germany and Belgium.

While he was campaigning in Gaul Caesar decided upon an expedition to Britain. The Britons were not popular with the Roman invaders, for they had frequently given support to the Gauls, and aided their rebellions. Furthermore reports suggested that the island was rich in tin and other valuable minerals, and so would be worth adding to the great Roman empire.

The Roman soldiers were superbly drilled and the best fighting force the world had known. They were professional soldiers who spent years at a time away from their homes and owed allegiance only to their generals. They were trained to obey commands instantly, without question; and Caesar commanded their absolute loyalty.



When on the march, he would lead them on foot, often across rough terrain; sometimes he would have them roused in the middle of the night and order them to set out on a forced march immediately. But he also looked after their needs, and joined in their carousing after a victory.

"We must teach these Britons a lesson," said Caesar to his trusted officer Labienus. "Get the ships and legions prepared, and we'll sail as soon as the wind is favourable."

At midnight the long ships set sail and by morning the legionaries saw the white cliffs where no landing was possible.

But the Britons, too, had spotted the invading force and by the time Caesar had found a suitable beach the defenders were lined up.

Even the hardened Roman troops quailed at the sight of these painted savages, leaping up and down on the shore. As the ships closed in the Britons drove their chariots down to the water's edge and hurled their spears, challenging the Romans to come ashore.

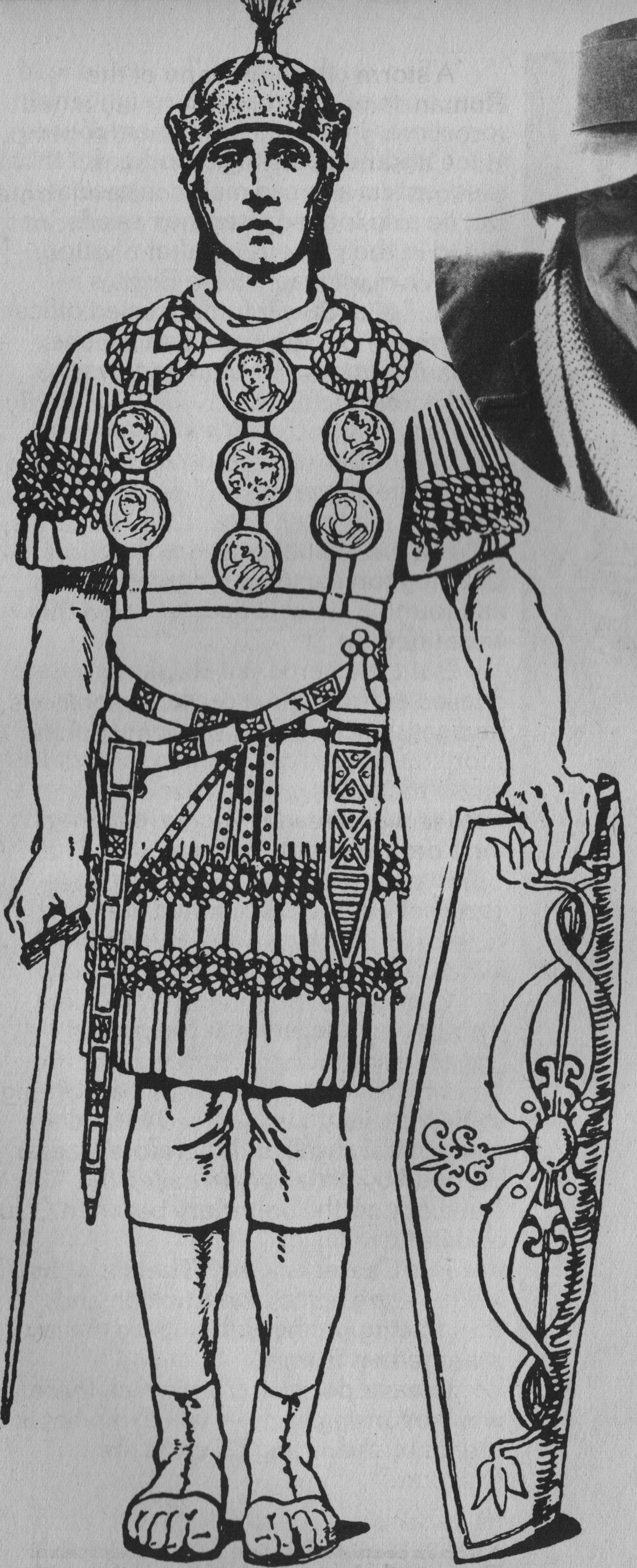
None seemed too keen on the prospect but then the standard-bearer of the 10th Brigade jumped into the water, holding aloft the pole carrying the silver eagle.

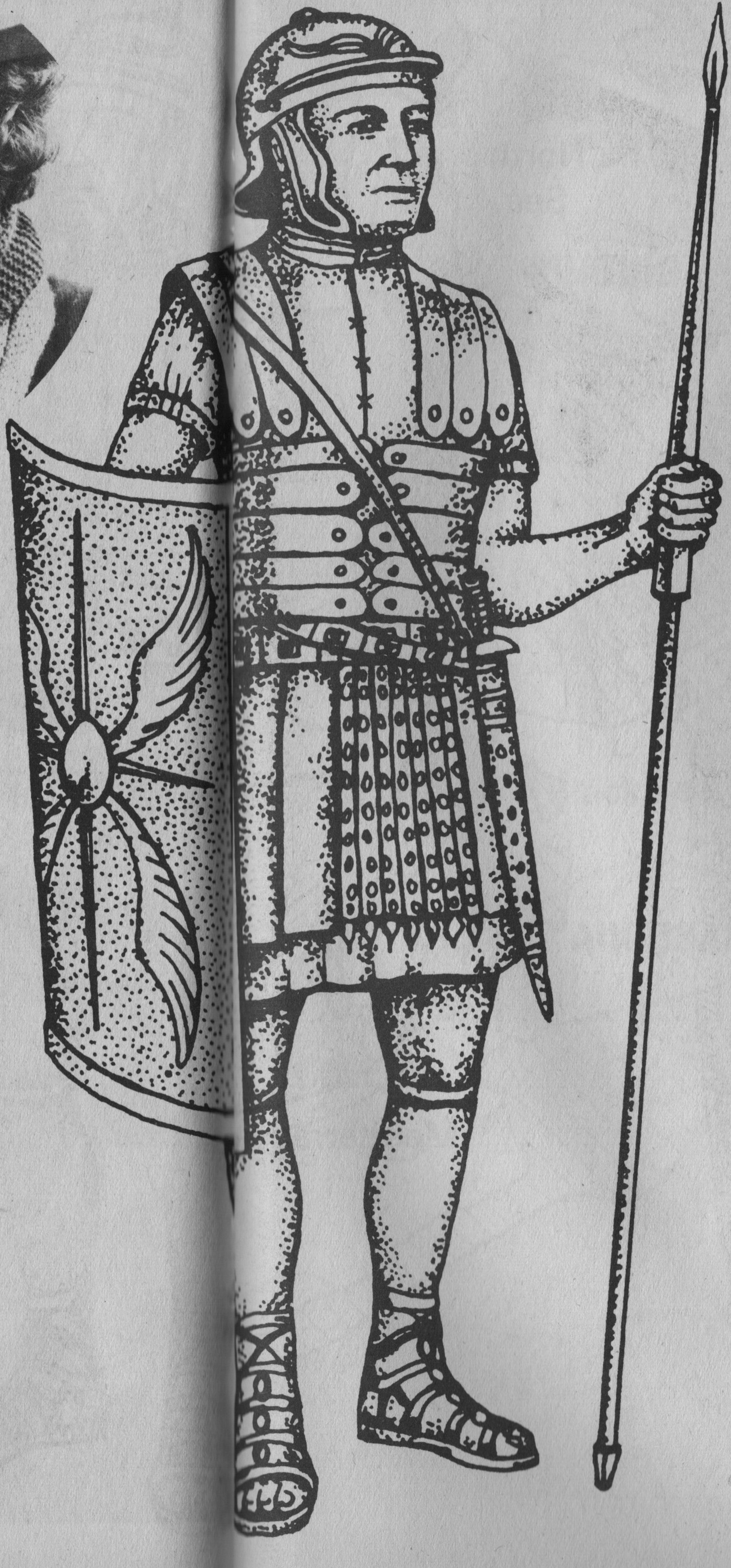
"Follow me," he cried, "or else you'll lose your eagle."

This was the worst disgrace that could befall a unit of the Roman army and at once the standard-bearer was followed by his comrades.

While all this was happening the Doctor very sensibly stayed out of sight in a nearby wood where the Tardis had landed. The battle raged fiercely, but bravely though the Britons fought they were no match for the disciplined Roman troops, who established a camp on shore.

The standard-bearer of the 10th Brigade who leapt into the sea first when his fellows held back.





A storm wrecked many of the Roman ships and the Britons launched a counter-attack, surrounding the camp. But Caesar was well-used to such perilous situations, and he ordered some troops to use the planks and nails from the wrecked ships to repair those less badly damaged, while he led the remainder to drive off the Britons.

The next day his force sailed back to Gaul, but Caesar, who had won so many great victories, did not take kindly to what, in a way, was a defeat.

The following year he returned with a much larger army, and despite the tactics of the Briton chief, Cassivellaunus, who burnt down the corn in an effort to starve the invaders, Caesar's forces crossed the Thames and captured the stronghold of St. Albans.

But Caesar did not stay long in Britain. He had great political ambitions, and with the power of the army behind him, the Republic of Rome had good cause to fear its greatest general.

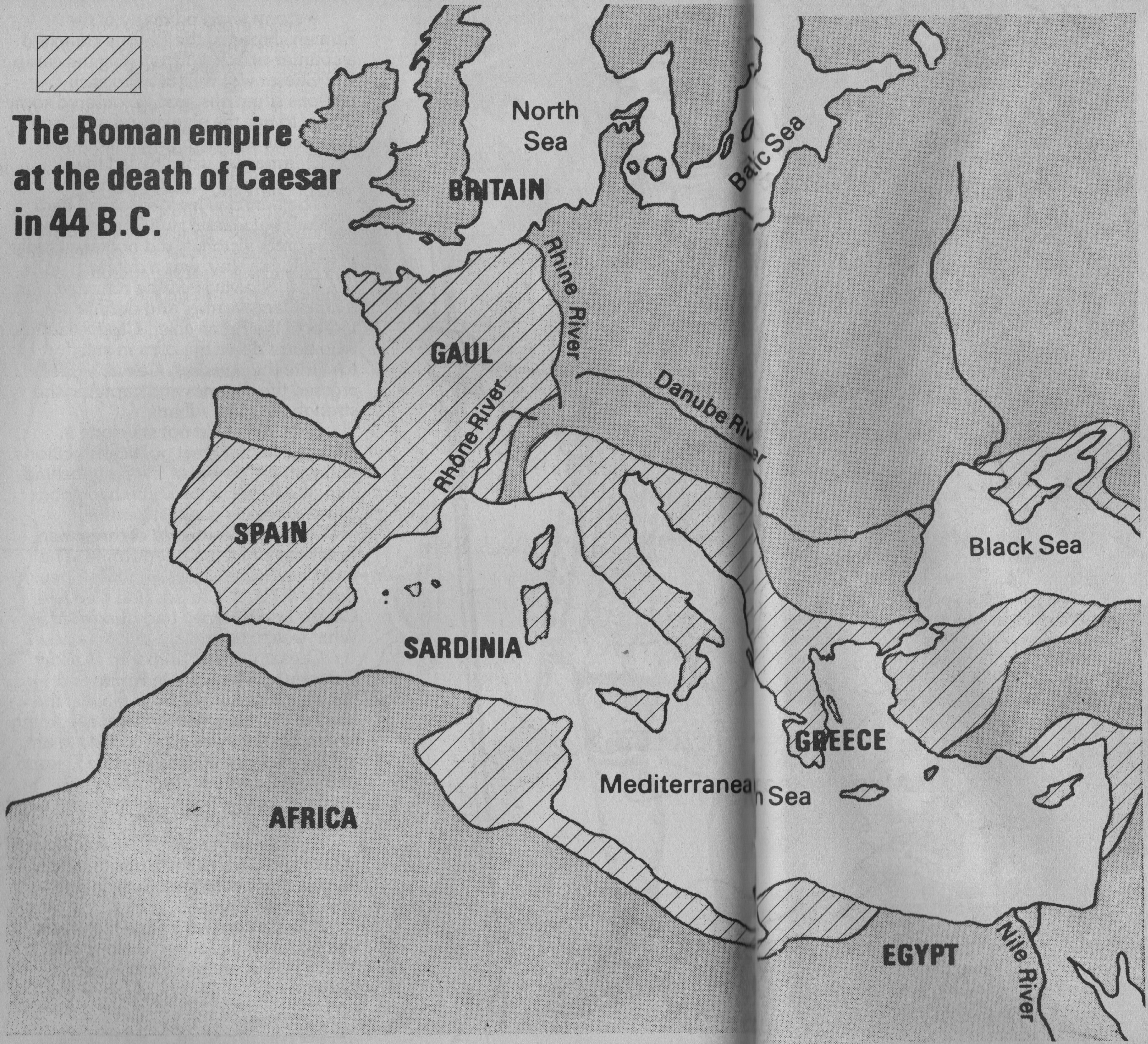
He was already one of three men who between them ruled Rome. The other two were Crassus and Pompey. But by 49 B.C. Crassus had died and Caesar and Pompey had quarrelled. What was to be the fate of Rome now?

Caesar was not prepared to allow Pompey to rule alone in Rome and travelled southwards from Gaul at the head of his army. No general, according to Roman law, was allowed to lead an army in Italy itself and therefore Caesar paused by a little stream called the Rubicon, on the boundary between Gaul and Italy.

But Caesar, saying "The die is cast," led his army across the Rubicon and, thus having put himself outside the law, marched on Rome.

It was a decision from which there was no turning back — which is what is meant by the saying 'to cross the Rubicon.'

A Roman centurion, far left, and an infantryman. They were the best-trained soldiers in the world.


North Sea
BRITAIN
Balc Sea
Rhine River
GAUL
Rhone River
Danube River
SPAIN
SARDINIA
Black Sea
GREECE
Mediterranean Sea
AFRICA
EGYPT
Nile River

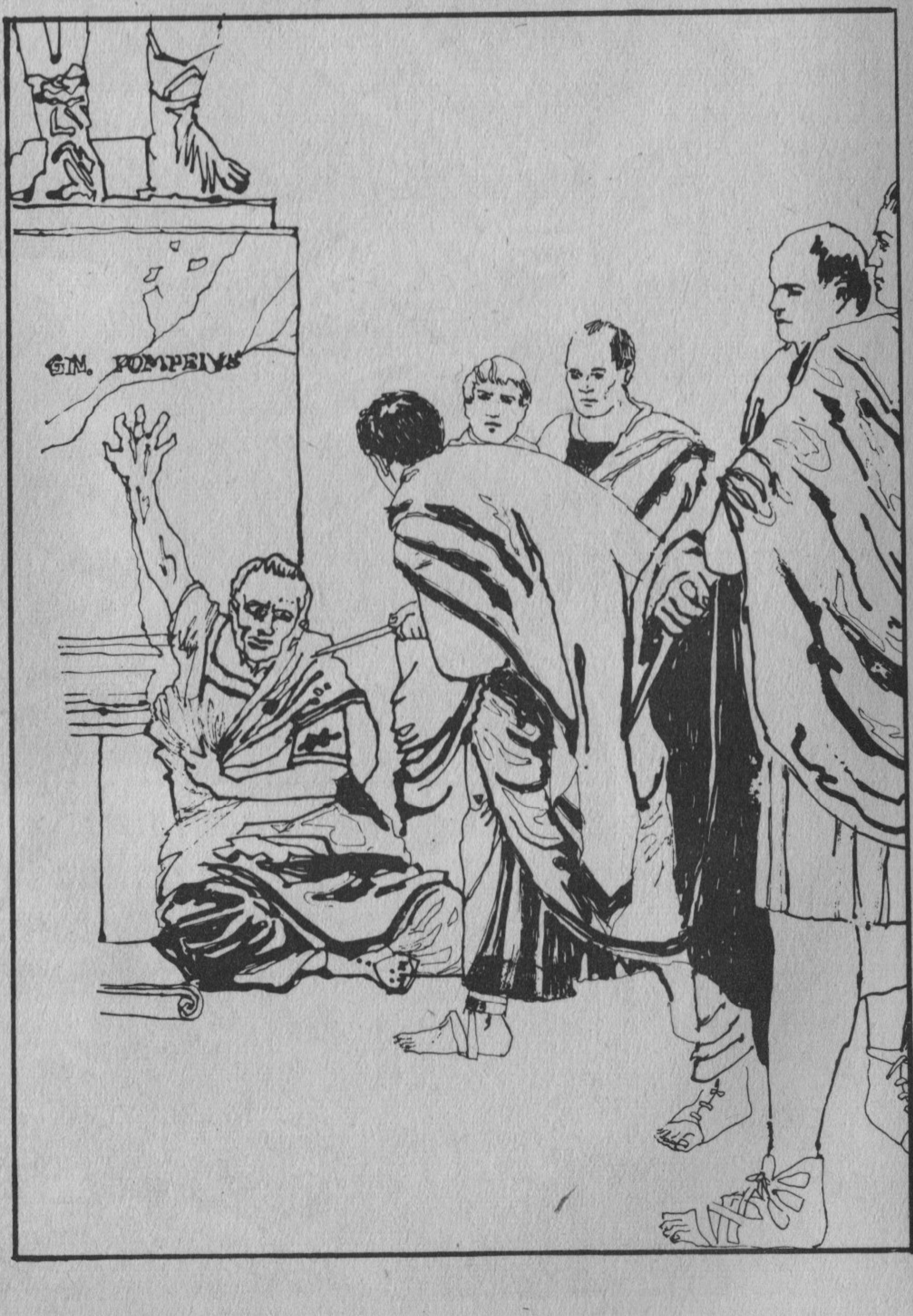
The Roman empire at the death of Caesar in 44 B.C.

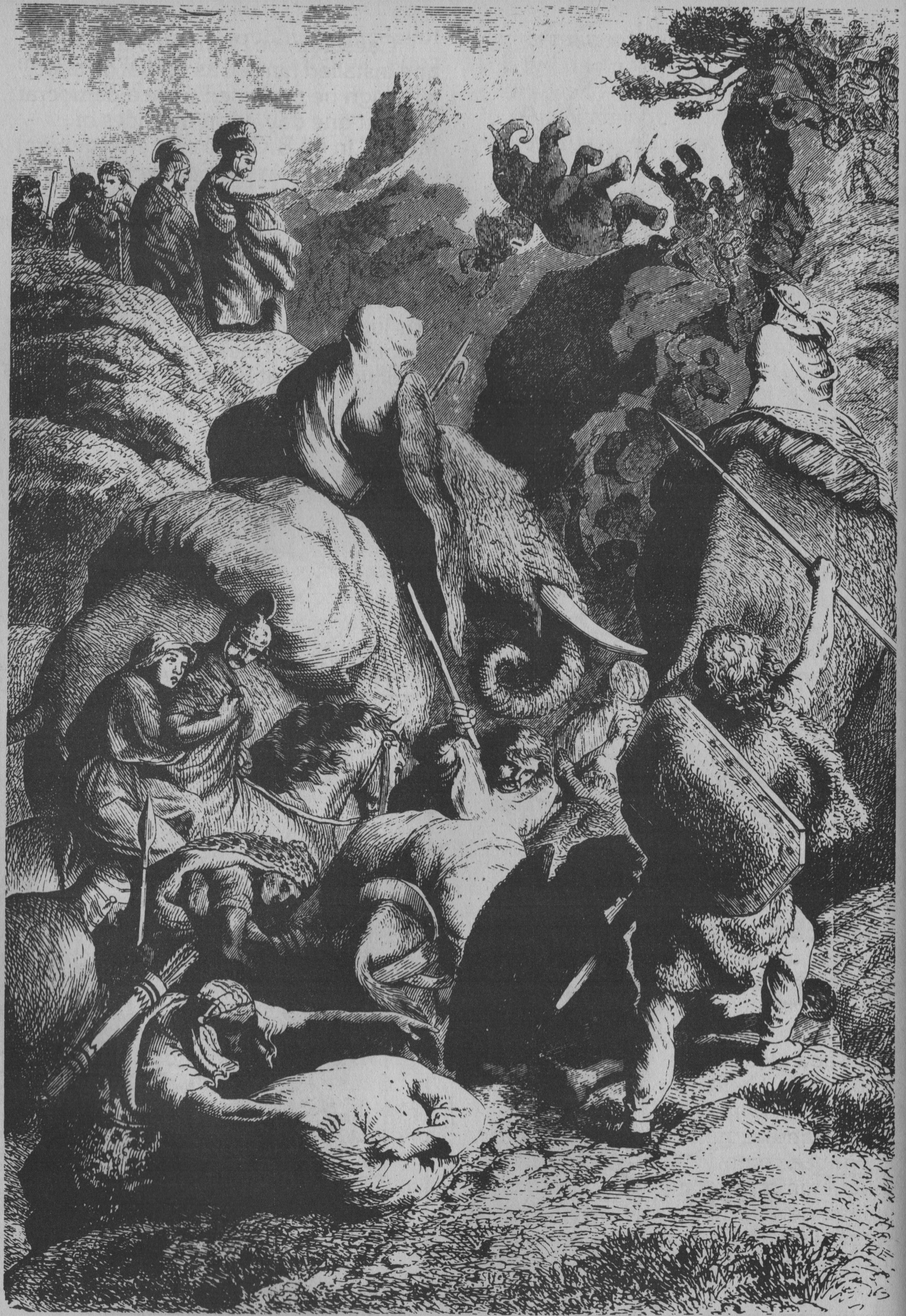
Caesar drove Pompey out of Rome, and installed himself as virtual dictator, although he professed to be a democrat.

But one day — on the "ides of March" in 44 B.C. the supreme general was murdered in the Senate House beside the statue of his old enemy Pompey by those who thought his power had become too great.

"A violent end to a violent career," said the Doctor profoundly. Really he was just pleased to have completed his encounter with Caesar and the evil-smelling Ancient Britons.

The murder of Caesar in the Senate House.


GN. POMPEIVS



Hannibal crosses the Alps with his army.

Now he was looking forward to leaving the B.C. era altogether, but due to one of those mechanical hitches to which the Tardis was now and again susceptible the Doctor ended up going back.

A blast of very cold air struck him as he opened the door of the Tardis, and a flurry of snow landed on his hat and scarf. He was high on a mountain range and for an awful moment he thought he was back with the Yeti which he had encountered in the Himalayas while he was discovering Strange and Mysterious Creatures.

Then he saw what was certainly a very strange and mysterious creature indeed to find thousands of feet up in the mountains — an elephant.

The Doctor rubbed his eyes. The elephant was still there; and another. Then there were horses and baggage, and soldiers with dark skins who looked as if they were used to much warmer climates!

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the Doctor, "This must be the historic crossing of the Alps by that Carthaginian chap, oh dear, what **was** his name? Ah yes . . . Hannibal, of course."

Who was Hannibal? And why was he taking an army across the Alps in the middle of winter?

Hannibal was a citizen of Carthage, the North African kingdom which disputed with Rome over which state was to rule the Mediterranean territories.

When Hannibal was only nine, in about 238 B.C. he had taken a vow to avenge the defeat that Carthage had suffered at Roman hands in the First Punic War. Hannibal's father was the great Carthaginian leader, Hamilcar Barca and he took his little son with him to fight a campaign in Spain. Hannibal fought in Spain for many years, and when he was much older and had succeeded his father as the Carthaginian leader, Hannibal captured the Spanish town of Saguntum. The Romans considered this was their territory and in 219 B.C. declared war on Carthage yet again.

Now Hannibal had the excuse for which he had been waiting, and he decided on one of the most daring military plans ever laid. He would take his army to Italy and lay siege to Rome itself!

But in order to get his army from Spain to Italy he would have to cross the mighty Alps. Not surprisingly, the Romans suspected nothing of Hannibal's intentions as his army moved across Gaul, enlisting some of the fierce Gallic tribesmen as it went.

It was a vast army that gathered at the foot of the Alps. There were 60,000 foot soldiers and 6,000 cavalry. There was baggage and stores and horses; and then there were the elephants. These were employed frequently by the Carthaginians in battle, terrifying the natives who had never seen such creatures before.

But neither the elephants nor the soldiers could withstand the extreme cold and arduous conditions as Hannibal drove his army relentlessly up the mountain slopes.

Many of the men died of cold. Others disappeared into crevasses or broke their necks as they fell from over-hanging rocks.

Nobody is certain just where Hannibal crossed the Alps, but he must have had to turn back and retrace his steps many times in search of a route by which he could take his men, horses and equipment onto Italian soil.

But he achieved his objective and began to fight the Romans in their own land. At first all went well, and Hannibal won several victories against the Romans. But the general who opposed him, Fabius, believed Hannibal could be defeated by wearing him out.

So instead of meeting him in full battle, Fabius merely harassed the Carthaginian. Once Hannibal was

One of Hannibal's 'secret weapons' was the elephant. These animals struck terror into those who had never seen such creatures before.

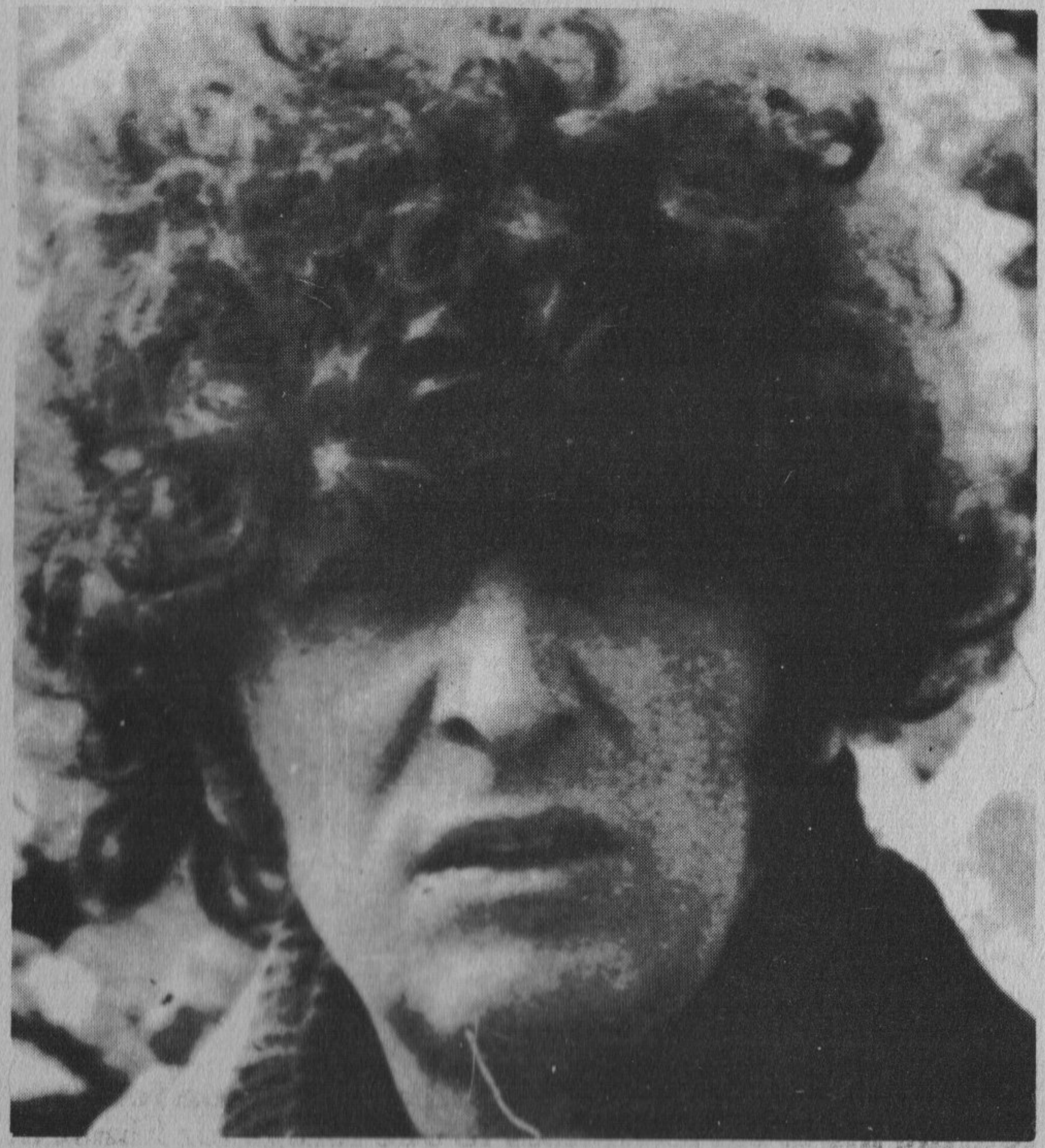
trapped, but although almost surrounded he managed to devise a plan to allow his army to escape.

When night came he tied twigs to the horns of oxen and set the wood on fire. He then ordered his men to drive the oxen off above the pass — the escape route which the Romans were guarding.

As Hannibal hoped, the Romans, thinking the Carthaginian army was on the move, followed the oxen, leaving the pass unguarded. So Hannibal's army was able to slip away, but despite his brilliance as a general Hannibal never succeeded in reaching Rome. He fought in Italy for fifteen long years, but the Romans blockaded the seas to prevent supplies getting through, and when Hannibal's brother, Hasdrubal was killed trying to bring another army from Spain there was no further hope.

The Romans flung Hasdrubal's head in front of the Carthaginian lines and when Hannibal saw it he said: "I see the doom of Carthage."

He was forced to withdraw from Italy but continued to fight the Romans in all parts of the world, even after Carthage itself had to sue for peace. He ended his life by taking poison, rather than to be captured by the Romans he so hated.



The Doctor fiddled with the controls of the Tardis. He was getting very cold and once Hannibal's army had passed by, the mountains resumed their usual loneliness.

"Aha, here we go," said the Doctor. "This time I hope we're going forward..."

When the Doctor looked out again it was still snowing! And it did not seem to be all that much warmer, either. But there was some activity ...

"To think I could have been stationed in Egypt," said one Roman soldier to his comrade, as he humped a load of stones uphill. "Instead of worrying about these Picts and the cold in these parts. I don't suppose the Gods ever bothered to make the sun warm these places."

"Mind you," said his companion, "I reckon there's some sense in what this Hadrian is doing. Building a wall to keep 'em out. They say he's having walls built everywhere in the Empire. There's one going up in Germany hundreds of miles long."

Hadrian was one Roman emperor who believed in holding conquered territories rather than acquiring new ones.

The Emperor Hadrian, who had a reputation for touring his great territories to see things for himself.

By the year 120, more than 170 years after Julius Caesar had first landed, most of England was showing the signs of Roman law and order.

As Hadrian arrived for a visit he noted with approval the signs of Roman occupation. The roads were broad and firmly laid; there were many new towns with shops and market places, where farmers and merchants were selling their goods. There were plenty of public halls and baths, and little sign of the wild and painted barbarians who had given the great Julius Caesar such a hostile welcome.

But there were still problems. In Caledonia the Picts and Scots remained unsubdued, and not long ago they had cut to pieces an entire Roman legion — the Ninth.

When Hadrian arrived in York he called a conference of his officers and heard accounts of the legion's defeat. Then he went on a tour of inspection to see things for himself. Hadrian had a reputation for that.

All over the empire he prodded and investigated and inspected. He watched the troops give their javelin displays: he toured the defensive forts; he sat down with the soldiers and ate their meals with them.

Now he tramped about over the wild countryside of the border areas of northern England, ignoring the driving rain and bitter cold and followed by a retinue of officers less than pleased by their emperor's enthusiastic sight-seeing.

But Hadrian had a purpose, and when he had seen all he wanted, he summoned another conference and gave instructions for a great wall to be built to run from coast to coast across England.

"It should be 20 feet thick and 10 feet high," he commanded. "And in front there should be a ditch 30 feet wide."

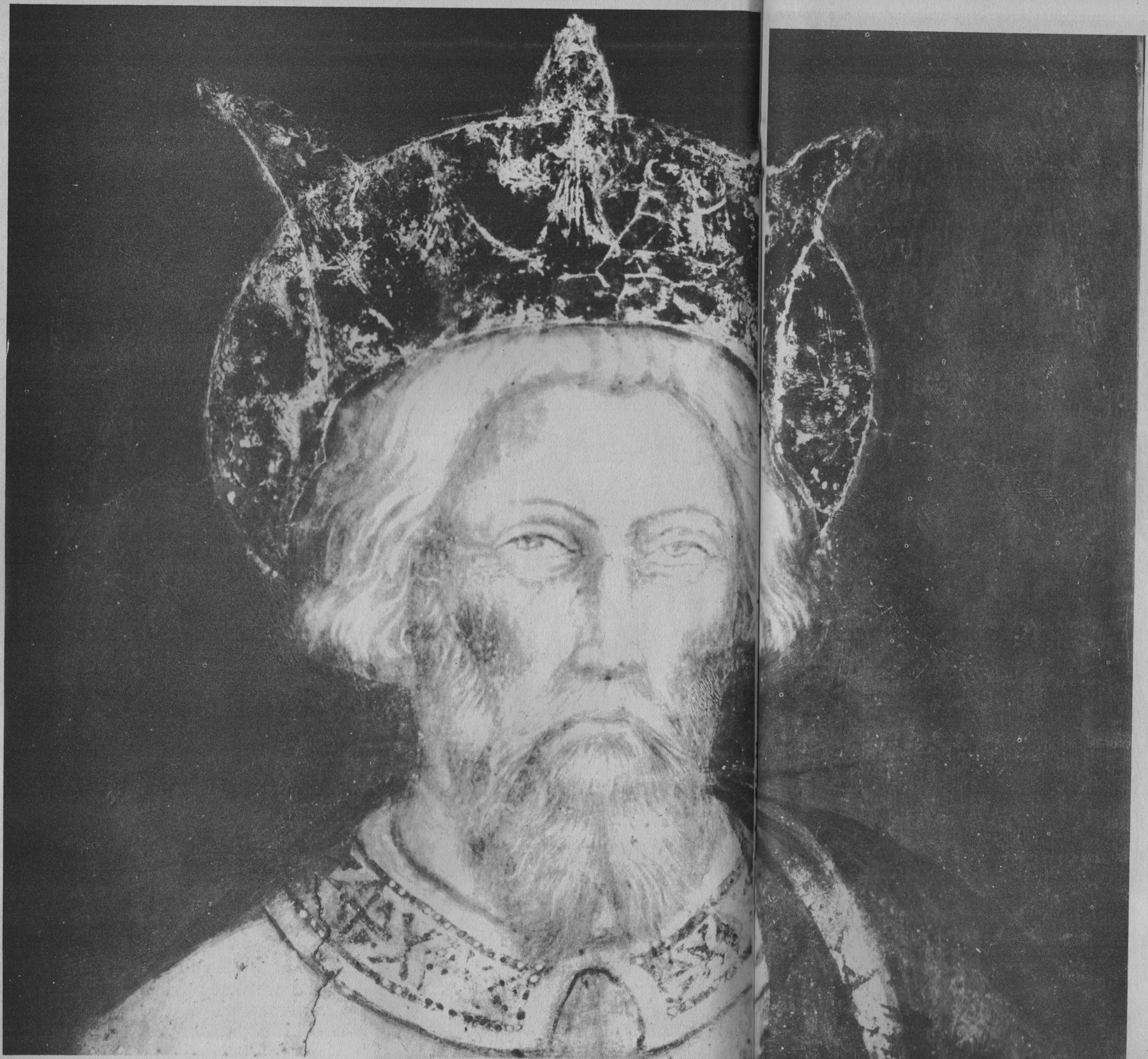
This was Hadrian's way of resolving the problem of the rebellious Picts. They would simply be fenced into their own wild country.

The soldiers which the Doctor came upon were two of the force of 10,000 engaged upon the enormous task. It took five years for Hadrian's Wall to be completed, and for more than two hundred years it protected Roman Britain from the wild invasions of the Scots tribes.

But Hadrian ruled in the twilight of the Roman empire, and its great days were almost over. In a few hundred years there would be no walls to hold back the barbarian hordes from its far-flung outposts.

High Rocheter
Esk
Liddel
North Tyne
Rede
Risingham
Wansbeck
Birrens
Bewcastle
Netherby
Irthing
Birdoswald
Tipalt
Greatchesters
Housesteads
Carrawburgh
Chesters
Halton
Rudchester
Benwell
Wallsend
Castlesteads
Carvoran
South Tyne
Corbridge
TYNE
NEWCAST
ss
mburgh
rgh-by-Sands
Stanwix
CARLISLE
Allen
Whitley Castle
Derwent
Ebchester
Chester-le-Street
Wear

The plan of Hadrian's great wall, which was built 20 feet thick and 10 feet high. Over: it took five years and 10,000 men to build the wall which ran from coast to coast across northern England.



For centuries after the end of the Roman Empire Europe fell into ignorance and savagery. Dukes and robber barons terrorised the poor and disputed each other's lands. But in 742 was born a man determined to re-unite the countries of Western Europe into a Christian Empire.

Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, became king of the Franks when he was 29, and began to fight many wars. Some, such as those against the Lombards of Italy, he fought on behalf of the Pope. Others, against the Saxons whom he battled with for ten years before they were finally crushed, were aimed at enlarging his empire and making them agree to be baptized as Christians.

But his continuous struggle was against the Moors of Spain — the 'infidels' as they were called although they believed as passionately in their own God, Mohammed, as Charlemagne did in his.

Around him Charlemagne had gathered many faithful knights who became, even in their own times, legendary figures.

One such was a young and handsome knight called Roland, around whom has been spun a very famous poem. Although founded only partly in truth, perhaps, the story goes that Roland was left as a rearguard while Charlemagne and the main army withdrew through the Pyrenees following a peace treaty with King Marsiles of Saragossa.

But because of the treachery of the King, and Charlemagne's ambassador, Ganelon, the armies of the Moors attacked Roland and his small force.

Now Roland, who was Charlemagne's nephew, had a magic horn which could be heard over great distances. But he enjoyed fighting the Moors so much that he did not blow it to summon aid from Charlemagne.

Charlemagne The Great, and over, his Coronation.

"We will win our fair fame alone," he told his friend, Oliver. "Have I not my good sword Durendal? No Saracen shall be seen alive this night."

From the top of a hill the two friends could see the approach of the Moorish armies. Their bejewelled swords glittered in the sun and the hooves of their armoured steeds threw clouds of dust into the air.

There were many thousands of them, but only a small force of men had remained at Roncevaux with Roland. Now they confessed their sins and prepared to die. At the head of the first attacking army rode King Marsiles' nephew, Aelroth.

"Today your doom has come," he shouted. But Roland spurred his horse, and with one swing of his sword, swept off the Moor's head.

All day the battle raged, and although the Franks fought valiantly, and many heroic deeds were accomplished, the Moors ground them down remorselessly.

A gold and enamel bust of Charlemagne, whose dream was to build a Christian Europe.

Now only sixty men remained but still Roland refused to blow his magic horn, Olifant. At last, he put the horn to his lips. Far away Charlemagne, riding in his gold and silvered saddle, heard the call and turned to answer it. Too late. Oliver fell mortally wounded, and Roland perished last of all, but still before Charlemagne arrived. Every pilgrim of the Middle Ages knew the story of Roland, and recited it in praise of the Christian warriors and the mighty Charlemagne.

But for all the heroic deeds and bloody wars, there was also another side to Charlemagne's reign. He built bridges and canals and encouraged trade. He built schools and encouraged farmers, and imposed upon his provinces a wise and humane rule.

The Doctor was just congratulating himself on having avoided any unpleasant incidents in the violent Middle Ages when the Tardis lurched over, so that the Doctor went sprawling on his back.

From outside came the noise of a great deal of scrabbling and shouting, and it sounded to the Doctor as though ropes and chains were being thrown around the Tardis.

The Doctor frantically adjusted the instruments but the harsh landing seemed to have affected them. There was only one thing for it — he would have to go out and see what was happening.

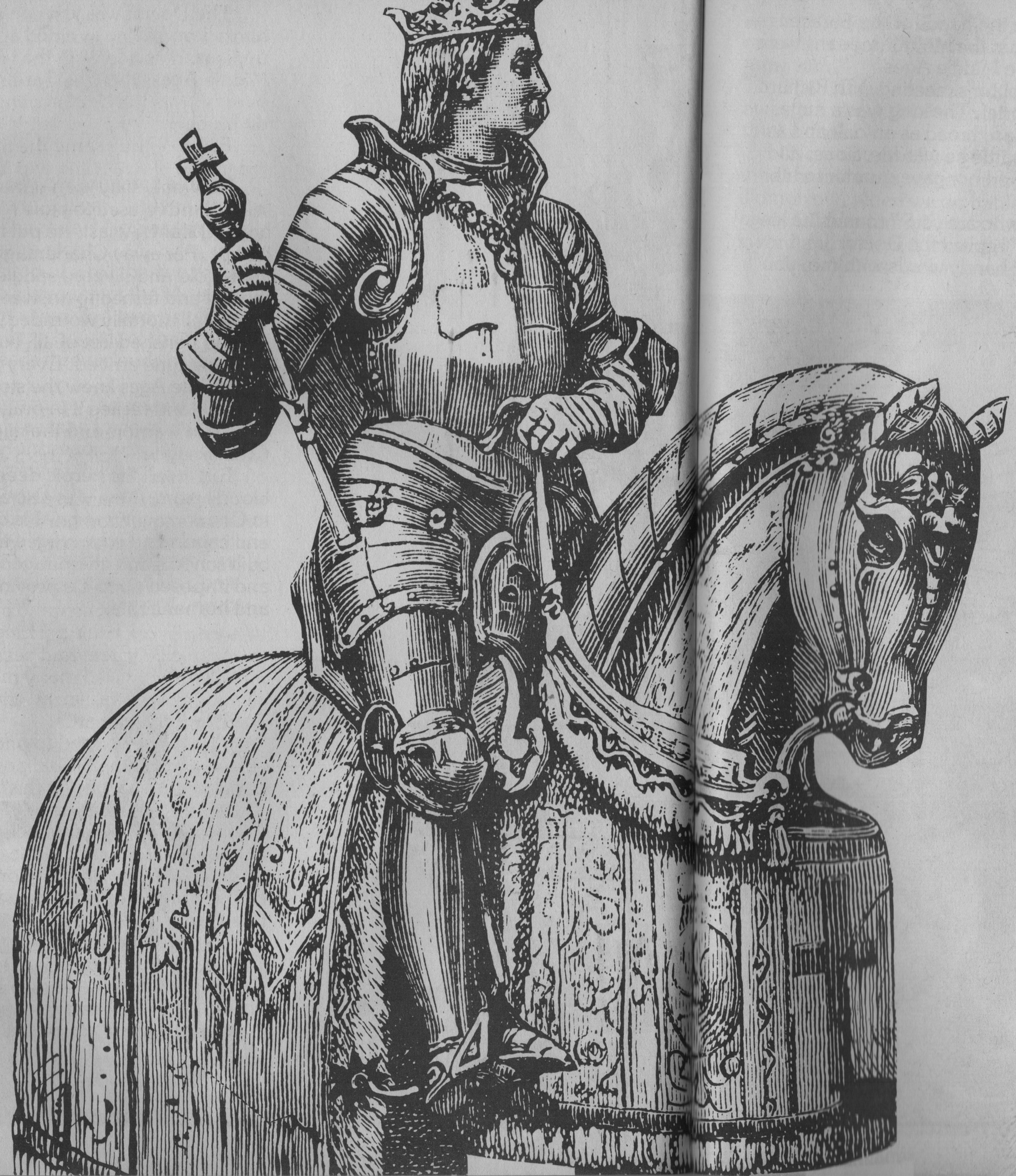
As soon as he opened the door the Doctor found himself surrounded by armed men. Some carried lances, others were archers and all of them wore crosses on their tunics.

"Seize that man and his infernal box," shouted a knight on horseback. "And we'll take this devil's contraption to the king."

Where was the Doctor? And before which king was he about to be taken? In the distance, behind a fringe of palm trees, an ornate tent had been erected, and all round milled many more soldiers, clearly part of a vast army encamped and prepared for battle.

The Doctor turned to one brawny fellow, and raising his hat politely, enquired: "What year is this?"

"1191," came the reply. "And last year was 1190. Anything else you want to know?" This sally produced hearty laughter although the Doctor himself was far from amused. He had seen and heard enough to convince him that he was in Palestine with an army of Crusaders, and that he was about to be ushered into the presence of one of the most ill-tempered and unpredictable rulers of history — King Richard I.



Richard The Lionheart.

Otherwise known as Richard the Lionheart, he had already quarrelled with his two crusading allies, Philip of France and Leopold of Austria, and it was even whispered that the English monarch had had a hand in the murder of the Italian count of Montfarrat after the two men had quarrelled bitterly.

Indeed it seemed that Richard often forgot that he had brought an army to Palestine to fight the Turks in a religious war and free the city of Jerusalem which was now in the hands of the Saracens — which is what the Mohammedans were called in the Middle Ages.

The Doctor's meeting with Richard I was quite brief. The king was a huge, bearded man, broad as an oak and as tough. In battle he was ferocious, and seldom asked nor gave quarter to his enemies.

"And who are you?" roared the king.

"Dr Who," replied the Doctor.

"Don't bandy words with me, you wretch," cried the king, his face turning red with anger. "Take him away and hang him."

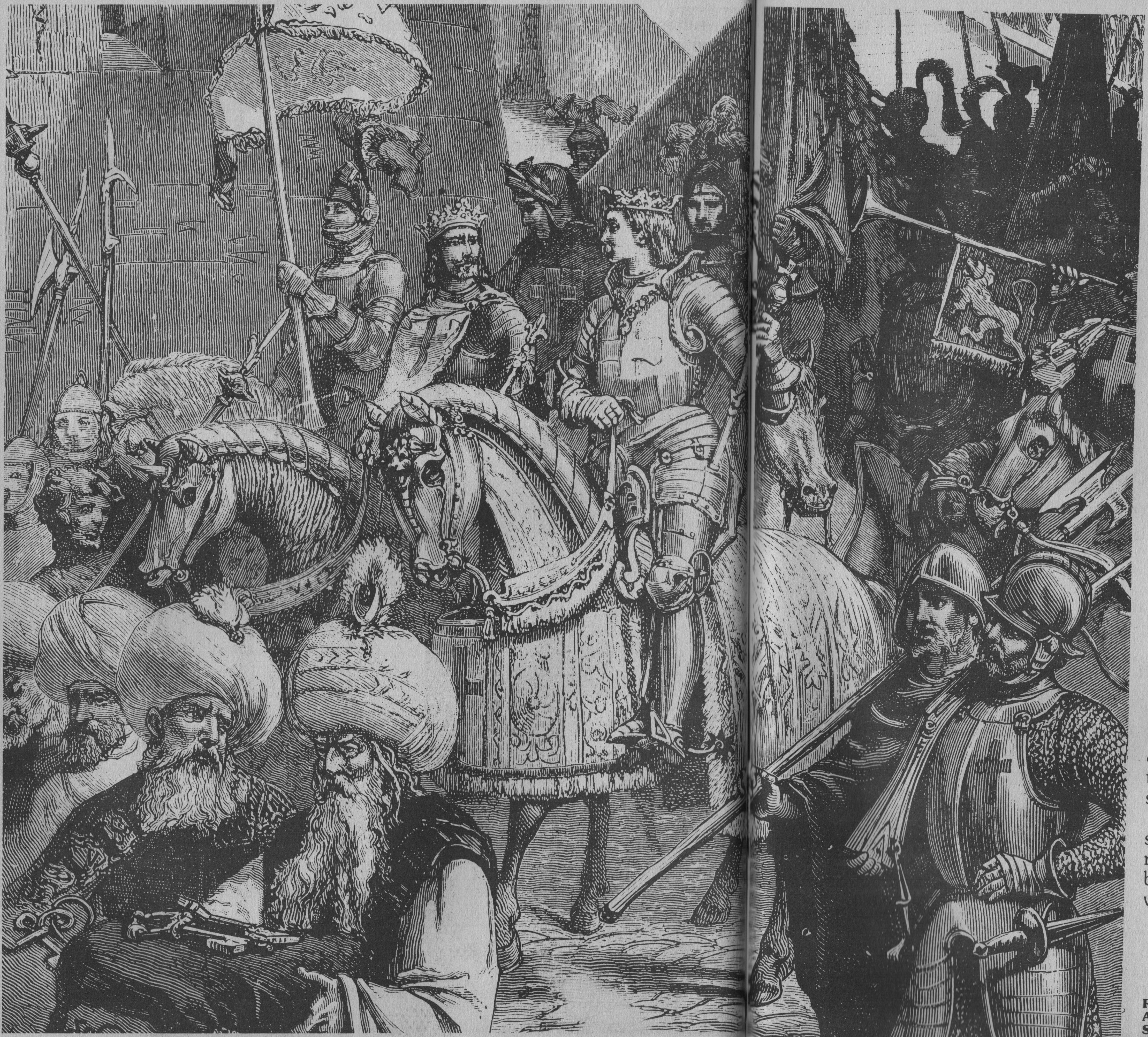
The Doctor's escorts pulled him away but almost at the door of the tent the king said:

"No, wait. It will be good for his infidel soul to see some action. Tomorrow, when we do battle with the great Saladin himself, give this Who a sword and let him fight, too."

The soldiers were not surprised that Richard had changed his mind about the Doctor, because the king was always blowing hot and cold; indeed such a reputation for it had he that he was known — though not to his face, of course — as Richard Yea-and-Nay.

The next morning the Doctor was an unwilling witness of yet another bloody encounter between Richard's army and the forces of the Moslem leader, Saladin.

Richard and Saladin in combat.



As the rival armies clashed the Doctor, now and again warding off a blow, or dodging a rearing horse, searched the area for the Tardis.

Meanwhile the towering figure of Richard was here, there, and everywhere. Many a Saracen fell to the sweep of his sword, as the English monarch carved his way into the very heart of the Turks.

But for every blow struck by Richard, there was another struck by the Moslem leader, Saladin. Between the two there existed a great respect and before every battle compliments were exchanged between them. Indeed at the height of one battle Saladin's brother sent Richard two magnificent Arab war-horses as a gift!

Many a story has been told about these two protagonists. It was said that once, while Richard was struck down with a fever, Saladin came to him disguised as an Arab physician. Although Richard's henchmen suspected treachery, the king seized his visitor's wrist and felt his steady pulse.

"His pulse beats calm as an infant's," he said. "So throbs not theirs who poison princes."

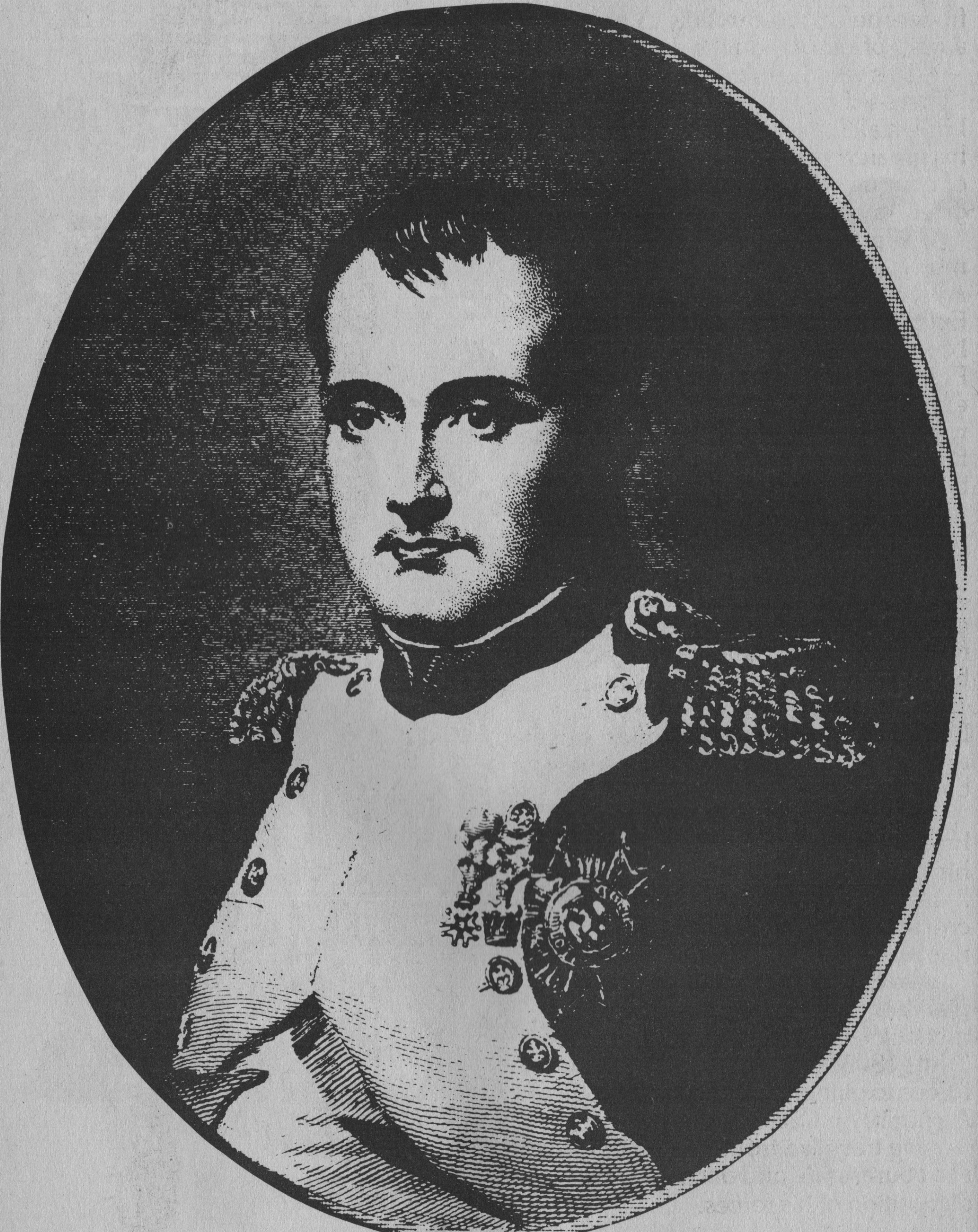
In fact the two men never actually met, but as each urged on their men the Doctor could see why they should so admire each other.

Just then the Doctor spotted the Tardis, roped and chained to the ground! Quickly the Doctor opened the door and entered. By the time the battle was over the mysterious box had vanished as suddenly as it had appeared.

Within a few months Richard himself signed a truce with the Saracens and returned to Europe. But despite all the blood which had been shed, he failed to wrest Jerusalem from the Turks.

Richard leads his victorious soldiers into the city of Acre. Over: another ferocious battle with the Saracens, this time at Jaffa. But Richard never drove the Saracens from Jerusalem.

One of the most famous stories in British history is that of Sir Francis Drake, who was playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe when news came that the Spanish Armada was sailing to give battle. As the picture shows, Drake, on the left, insisted on finishing his game before taking the fleet out to vanquish the would-be conquerors.



The small man in green uniform and white breeches took a tiny snuff box from his pocket. Taking a pinch between his fingers he sniffed carefully as he studied a map of Europe on the desk before him.

This was the man who had once said: "There will be no peace in Europe until I rule it all." Now, on the eve of one of his greatest battles, this most diminutive of conquerors had virtually achieved his great ambition.

Napoleon Bonaparte's armies marched through Spain, Germany and Austria. They had fought in Italy and Egypt, and now in the year 1805 Napoleon occupied the Schoenbrunn Palace, historic seat of the Austrian emperors, and was planning how to deal with the columns of Austrian troops and their Russian allies which were now beginning to mass against him.

Napoleon first began to rise to prominence after the French Revolution in 1789.

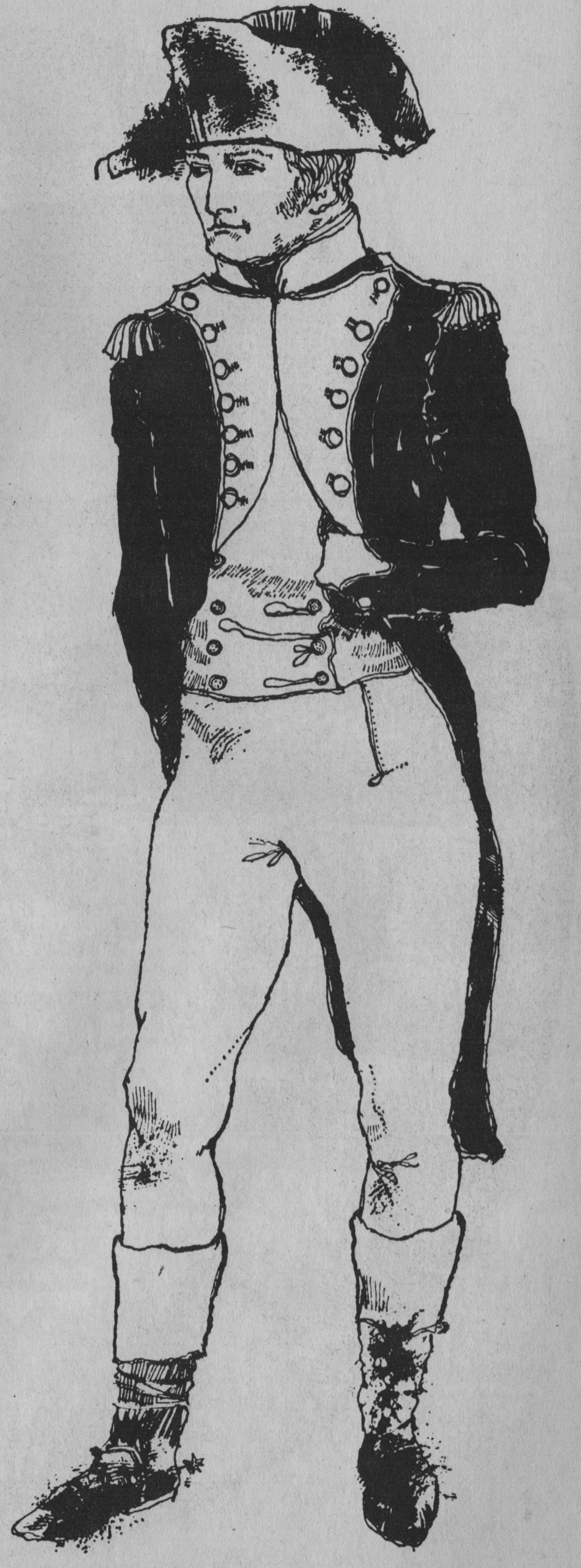
He forced the town of Toulon to come to terms with the Republican forces and quelled the Paris street mobs by shelling them with grape-shot.

Under his brilliant generalship France expanded her territories; but the ambitions of Napoleon himself knew no bounds.

He made himself 'emperor' of France, and although the English fought him stubbornly, with Nelson defeating him at Trafalgar, it seemed that nothing could stop Napoleon imposing his military will on all Europe.

As a tactician he had no equal. Every encounter he planned meticulously, and now, on November 30th, 1805, Napoleon had ordered his forces to gather near the little village of Austerlitz, in Czechoslovakia.

He travelled from Vienna to spy out the countryside and decide on the disposition of his forces.



Napoleon was a small man with great ambitions. He intended to rule all Europe and at the battle of Austerlitz, over the page, he won his greatest victory.

The Allied emperors, Francis of Austria and Alexander of Russia intended to turn Napoleon's right flank and cut him off from Vienna.

But when the Allied muskets opened fire on the morning of December 1st it soon became clear that the plan would not work.

The battle-hardened French infantry did not yield an inch, despite being outnumbered three to one. And while they were fiercely resisting the Allied attack the French corps of Marshal Soult stormed the enemy's main position — the Pratzen heights.

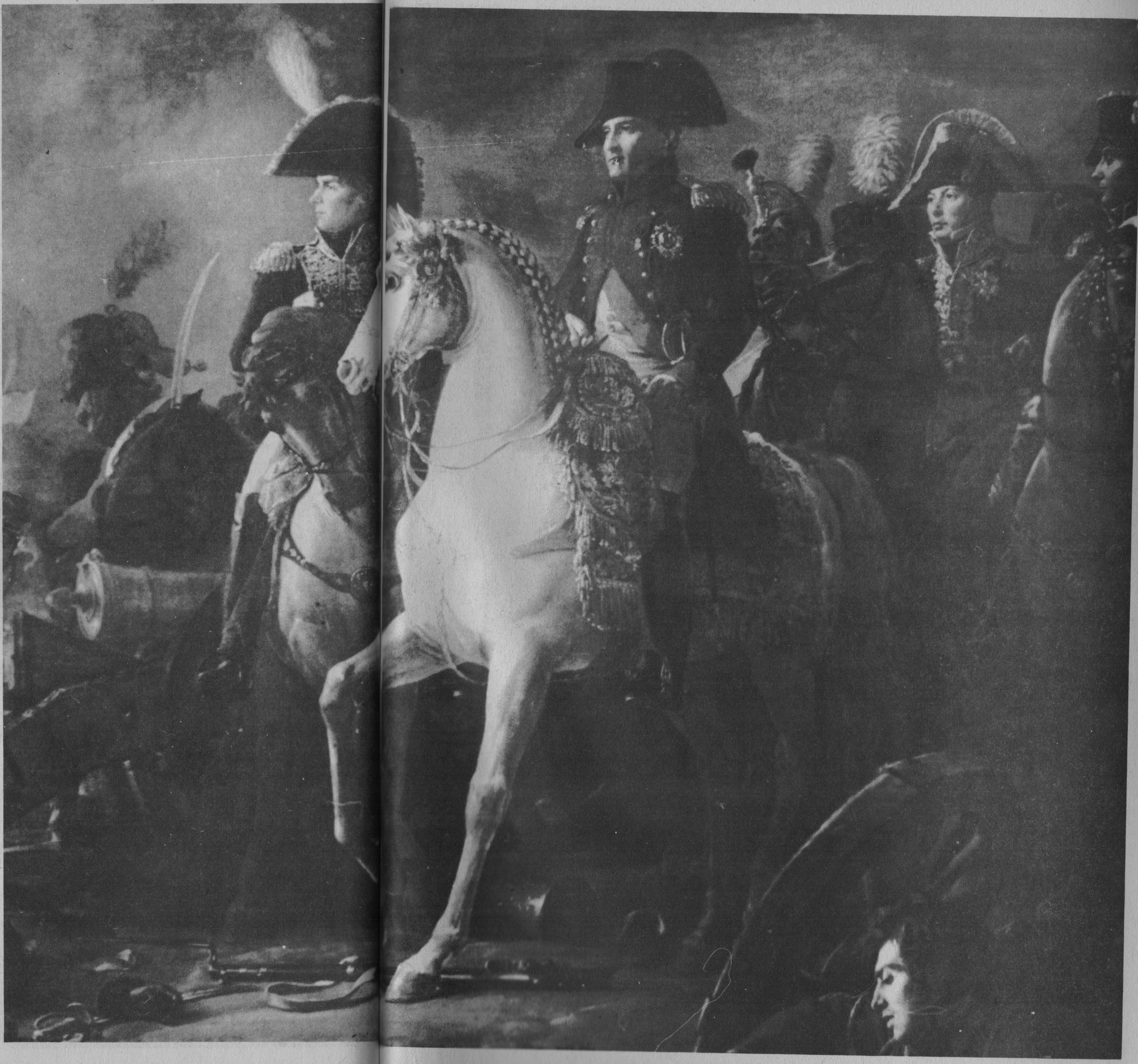
Inch by inch the French troops fought their way up the slopes, driving a wedge between the vast columns of the Allied armies.

Although the Allied general Kutusov recognised the danger, and ordered reinforcements to shore up the position, it was too late.

By mid-afternoon three of the five Allied columns were surrounded and their left flank collapsing. As wave after wave of French cavalry pounded the breaking lines the Allied troops began to flee. Thousands tried to escape over the frozen Satschan lake but were drowned as the ice broke beneath their weight.

More than 75,000 were killed or wounded in one of Napoleon's greatest victories, and after Austerlitz he continued to try and expand his empire. But when he attacked Russia the defenders lured him far from his line of supplies, and although Napoleon reached Moscow, the Russians themselves set fire to the city in order to deprive him of provisions.

Winter came and Napoleon was forced to retreat, but only 100,000 of his 400,000 troops survived. After two further years he gave up his throne and was sent under guard to the island of Elba.



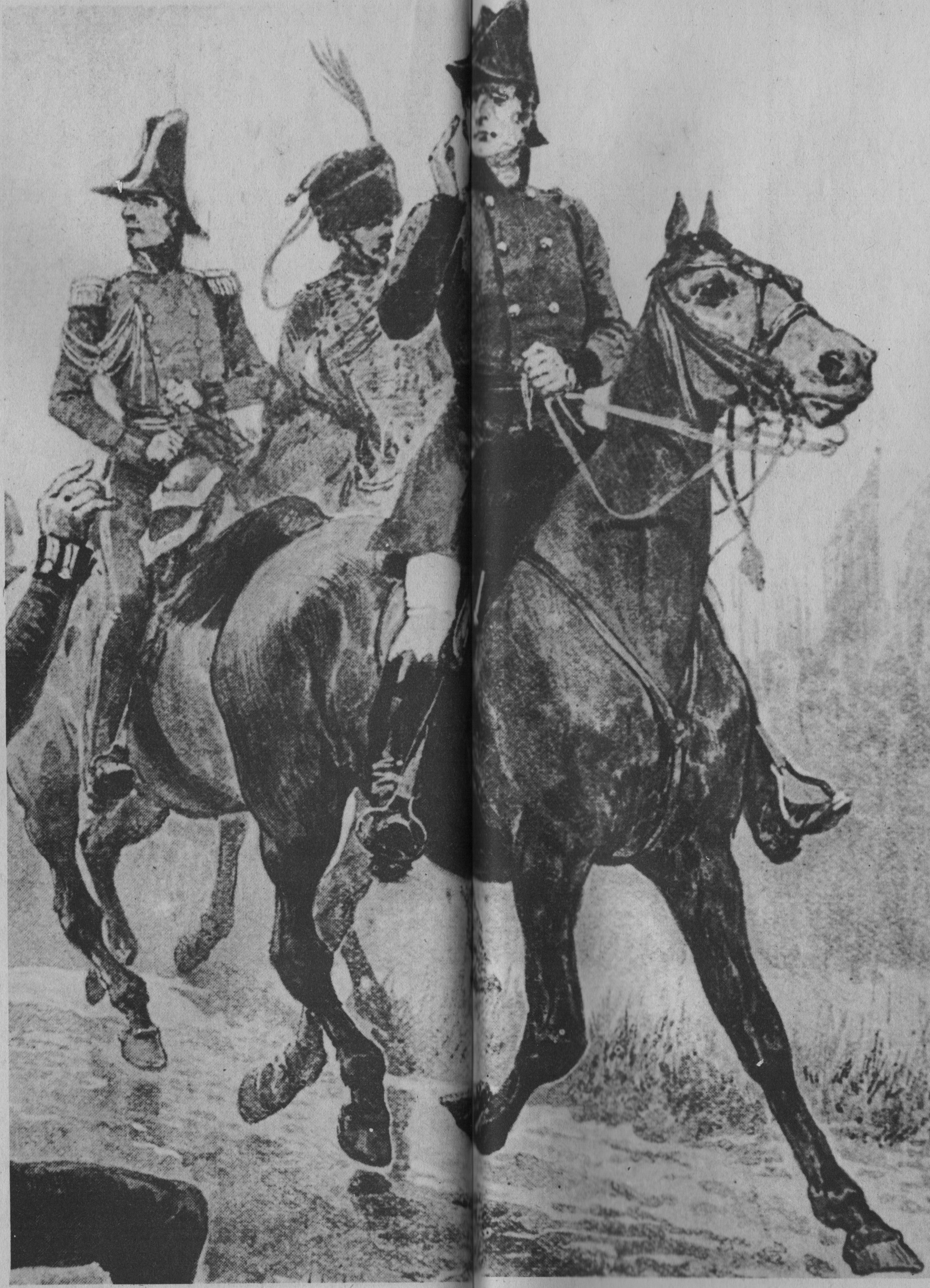
Napoleon mounted on his white horse before the battle of Waterloo.

But in less than a year he escaped and returned to France where he was able to rally a vast army. Was Napoleon about to rise again? Where was the military leader to put a halt once and for all to the exploits of the little ex-emperor?

The Duke of Wellington was in Vienna when news was brought to him of Napoleon's escape. Amid the general alarm, and while statesmen hurried back to their capitals to see to the raising of armies, Wellington ordered a carriage to take him to Brussels.

"It is there or thereabouts that I shall have to meet the Tyrant," he said.

Wellington, called 'Nosey' by his troops on account of his large nose, was an experienced general who had successfully fought Napoleon in Spain, employing some of the tactics which he had used while fighting robber-chieftains in India.



Against the accurate French artillery Wellington took care to shelter his men in trenches and behind ridges; against their advancing columns he arranged his men in a double line, training them to hold their fire until the enemy was almost upon them, and then charge with bayonets.

And against the French cavalry he made his men form into squares to withstand the fiercest of their charges. Now, although many of his Peninsular War troops were overseas, Wellington was still confident he could get together an army to defeat the French.

But Napoleon struck the first blow, defeating the Prussian army of Blucher before he could join forces with Wellington. The English general drew up his forces near the Belgian village of Waterloo, and Napoleon, confident that Blucher was in full retreat, decided to dispatch Wellington at his leisure.

Wellington inspects his troops as he prepares for the final battle with Napoleon.

However Wellington, riding about the battlefield in his plain grey cloak and cocked hat covered in oil-skin, marshalled his defenders and scribbled orders to his commanders as the French rolled forward.

The infantry, their muskets growing red-hot, withstood charge after cavalry charge, and then gave as good as they had received with their bayonets.

The British artillery answered salvo with salvo, constantly moving the gun-carriages to take up new positions.

"Hard pounding, gentlemen," said the Iron Duke, "We shall have to see who can pound the longest."

Wellington called 'Nosey' by his troops, was an unmistakeable figure.

Nothing could shift the British from the ridge, and then, as the day drew to a close, and victory still eluded Napoleon, Blucher's army reformed and returned to the battle.

As Napoleon saw the Prussians approach he made a final bid to win the day and ordered his Imperial Guard, the crack soldiers of his army, to advance up the slope.

The six thousand men advanced in perfect order to the tap of a drum. In front of them, swords drawn, walked their officers. Wellington gave the order. The English muskets sent a ripple of shot through the line; and another terrible volley. The advance faltered, then continued, and finally failed.

The French were defeated, but for the British and their Prussian allies victory had been dearly bought. Over 30,000 dead and many more wounded.

"A close-run thing," said Wellington. "By Heaven! I don't think it would have done if I had not been there!"

Called the Liberator, Simon Bolivar was one of the great South American leaders who, in the early part of the 19th Century, drove the Spanish from the countries of South America. The Spaniards had controlled these countries for almost 300 years when, in 1811, Bolivar drove them from Venezuela and other territories. He was greatly loved by the ordinary people and the state of Bolivia is named after him.

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FAREWELL

The Doctor was thankful that he had not actually landed in the middle of the great battle of Waterloo. He really had seen quite enough fighting to last him for a long time. But of course nobody ever conquered anything without bloodshed, so it was not surprising that conquerors were always cutting off people's heads, and all that sort of thing.

The Doctor didn't approve. "But we can't change the past," he said, as the Tardis began to oscillate. "Now let's see what the future will bring. See you again for another voyage of discovery soon. Goodbye."

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